

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Scenario (Remix)"

*[Busta Rhymes:]*

Here in 1992, we present the fabulous what's the Scenario remix  
Where as there are 7 MCs.  
Six which are in physical form, one which is in spiritual essence  
And he goes by the name of, uh...HOOD!

*[Hood:]*

Check the vibe, punk that ass again, god  
'F' it (SHIITT!!) ! I lay buckshots  
Hood, madman, I rip up stages  
Lay down your wages, I'm wild like Larry Davis  
Extra, extra, pick up a clip. I'll tear that ass out the frame (HUH!)  
And grab my dick(OH!)  
By the beats that I bump, I kick and drop bombs  
I'm rugged and deadly, so I shit on the petty  
A musical badder bastard, I'm bad news  
I'm crazy and clever, cut holes in crews  
Death on the phono, my skills are dolo  
You say 'oh no', you bitch ass homo  
I bag up waste, electrifying, I'm primetime  
I slaughter slime, I'm the greatest of all time  
Sick ass brotha, nasty ass nigga  
Pump slugs in your face and jump that ass in the river  
Two tears in a bucket, fuck it, kick the can (SAY WHAT, SAY WHAT!!!)  
I'm a bad, bad man

*[Phife:]*

Quick is how I flip from the tip of the lip  
Punchin out hits like Gladys Knight and the Pips  
The 5 foot assassin has just raided your area  
Your booty rhymes are wack and that's the reason why I'm hearin ya (SO!)  
Pull out the red carpet cuz I'm kickin this  
Vanilla Ice platinum? That shit's ridiculous  
Excuse my French, but profanity is all I knew  
And to you other sellouts, oh yeah, 'F' you too  
And let it be known, I'm not the one to step to  
You better off callin D-Nice to your rescue  
Freestyle fanatic, probably the best around  
As for corny MCs, like Chuck D, I 'Shut 'Em Down'  
The Artical Don of hip-hop and I won't stop  
The 5 foot assassin has come to wreck 'nuff shop  
So do like Michael Jackson and 'Remember the Time'(DO YOU REMEMBER?)  
Put on your dancin shoes or somethin cuz you sho' can't rhyme

*[Milo:]*

(BIG UP BIG UP!) Into new eternity  
Next was said somethin that complies onto me  
What does it take to check a technique (MANY STYLES, MANY STYLES!)  
Hostile heat brings forth the energy  
Milo in the dance is the new identity  
One, two mic check, select for the ruffneck  
At a 10 to 1 bet, I come CORRECT!  
In my cyphers are blocks, I bring box to connect with knots  
So I can grow dreadlocks  
Maintain the rock DON'T STOP THE ROCK!!!!  
Maintain the rock (DON'T STOP THE ROCK!!!!)  
Kick it right, then not, E. Watt said not  
I put my mug up, so fair is fair  
So C. Brown are we in the clear? (Yeah!)  
C. Brown are we in the clear? (Yeah!)

*[Charlie Brown:]*

Makin moves y'all (MOVES Y'ALL!)  
On and on and on (CHECKA, CHECK IT OUT!!!)  
To the breaka, breakadawn (WHO'S THAT?!?)  
Guess, one of the LONS and A Tribe Called Quest  
(EAST COAST!) to West  
Remixed mad kick more than Metallica  
To all ends like the Battlestar Gallactica  
Stampin, stompin, rompin Compton  
(PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD!!!) I'm promptin (STYLE!)  
Pick a style, any style, Strong Isle  
Representation, sensationalization  
Scenario for the radio, BLS and KISS, so  
(HERE WE GO, YO!) Yeah  
Force, Main Source LP on the rise  
In Living Color was seen through original eyes  
And I'm out like shout, Ooh Ahh, Ooh Ahh  
(OOH AHH, OOH AHH!) There it is baby par

*[Dinco:]*

Vine, limb on a limb, slim chim  
P I am, there I am (THERE I AM!)  
Don't run from a blim  
Sight be be right, be polite for mice like a Mike  
SEE SICK, SEE SYKE  
And slip away and off to the Poconos  
Spot bring the flows, might swing the fruity poles  
Yamaha (YAY-HA-MAY!)  
Let's split the funk, now it all spells (HEY!)  
Enough, enough, misfitted I'm with it  
If I did it, I would split it and probably shouldn't have quit  
Cuz yo, my public status act Knight like Gladys  
Take rest space tests and yo, I'm like the maddest

Male, not female, hail from Uniondale  
Bounce the beat for the beat pole cuz beats are bein yelled  
In the hallway always ringin with a HO!  
This is my 2 times 9 on the Scenario

*[Q-Tip:]*

Check it out everybody, rhymes and mics  
Black mens gettin hip, DOIN WHAT THEY LIKE!  
Eight black brothas in the public eye  
If you listen very close, then I'll tell you why  
HOOD!, Phife, Milo, Dinco and C. Brown  
Shaheed, myself and Busta Bust Brown  
Will commence to rock (ROCK!), so bring on the flocks (FLOCKS!)  
Interrogation for the knockin of the box  
The boom-box ruler controls the medula  
None come cooler, I win like Shula  
So bust out the moves as you start to pursue her  
Intensified mind, non blunt consumer  
Tip will come booty (WELL, IT'S ONLY A RUMOR!)  
The beat is so sick, that it starts brain tumors (TUMORS!)  
Peace to Hood baby from the midnight crooner  
Smoke him up later, if not, then sooner

*[Busta Rhymes:]*

Hey what we gon DO! in '92, even though we had FUN! in '91  
Quick to turn my day, all things comin down  
Run up on the new sound, leavin cracks in the ground  
What's goin on my man (GOD DAMN!) and now my brain is hurtin  
Busta, rhythm will hit 'em, then I get 'em  
Rip on 'em, shit on 'em, hit on 'em, then I will sit on 'em  
Open up your mouth if you want the food  
Take in full, Flipmode, cuz I'm in the mood, Uh-heh, uh-heh  
Yeah man, that's how it goes  
Body drippin with blood comin out your nose  
Give me a band-aid, what are you askin for? (MORE!)  
All in your secret and pure  
Adverse, they said, check it and I bust a new rap  
Rap, Busta Rhymes, and bust this wicked rap  
Yeah y'all in '92, I'm packin my ant spray (ANYWAY!)  
Tickle it, Tribe Called Quest, Leaders of the New School  
Mad brothas would still think...Rhow, Rhow, Rhow!!!  
To my dragon, baby, stop whining  
I see my influence still shining  
More crazy in '92, uh oh, time to go, yo  
That's the Scenario!